

MERRIMACK MISCELLANY.

BY AARON ALLWORTHY & Co.

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[Vol. I.]

BIOGRAPHY.

The subject of the present number is an extraordinary instance of the folly of departing from the established order of society, and is a convincing proof, that when a woman, from a spirit of eccentric pride, disregards and violates the most ornamental and necessary quality of her sex, chastity, she purchases at a dear rate, her ideal enjoyments. She becomes the dupe of some designing man, who, perhaps, under the mask of congeniality, corrupts her mind, and debases her person. Too late she discovers her error, and (no matter how great her firmness and magnanimity) experiencing the imbecility of her philosophy, seeks to relieve herself from a wretched life, by suicide.

MRS. GODWIN.

MARY WOLSTONECRAFT was born on the 27th of April, 1759, in London, or at a farm upon Epping forest. The education of this extraordinary woman was slender, and she had none of those early advantages which have been the lot of most women who have been distinguished in the literary world. She was remarkable in early life for vivacity and resolution. At nineteen years of age she lived with a Mrs. Dawson, at Bath, as a companion, but was obliged to leave Mrs. Dawson, to attend to the wants of her dying mother, to whom her behavior appears to have been very dutiful.—After the death of her mother, she found herself in narrow circumstances, and was anxious to fix upon some mode of life to secure her independence. In the 24th year of her age she opened a day school at Islington, which was soon after transferred to Newington green. She had, for her partner, a young lady, to whom she was strongly attached, who repaired to Lisbon for the recovery of her health, in pursuance of the advice of a physician. This circumstance is worthy of notice, for it gave occasion to the display of that heroic friendship, which so much distinguished the life and character of Mrs. Godwin. Hearing that her friend was likely to die at Lisbon, Mrs. Godwin abandoned her school, in contempt of every consideration of interest, and having borrowed a sufficient sum of money, flew to Lisbon to attend the last wishes of her friend. On her return to England, she found her school had suffered greatly by her absence; she therefore entered into the family of Lord Kingsborough, as governess to his daughters, in which situation however, she remained but a short time. In 1787, she settled in the metropolis, and

had recourse to her pen for subsistence. Here she pursued her literary labors; wrote some of her most popular productions: The Answer to Mr. Burke, and the Vindication of the Rights of Women! translated several works, and contributed many articles to the Analytical Review. In 1792 she went to Paris, where she became acquainted with Mr. Gilbert Imlay, by whom she had a daughter. She had always entertained the most violent prejudices against the conditions of European marriages. She did not think it consistent with the nature of man, for him to enter into an indissoluble union. She did not like those reciprocal legal responsibilities, which take away the individuality of action and conduct. Mrs. Godwin, as she frankly acknowledges, took upon her the duties of marriage without the ceremony—she lived with Mr. Imlay. She was now more than 33 years of age. The connection did not prove fortunate. Mr. Imlay disappointed all her hopes. He abandoned her. In April, 1795, she returned to London. The conduct of Mr. Imlay drove her to desperation, and she attempted to put an end to her life, but was prevented. Her misery increased, and she again attempted to destroy herself. For this purpose, she repaired to Putney, determining to throw herself into the river. We have here another instance of great resolution. It rained, and Mrs. Godwin, to facilitate her descent into the water, walked up and down the bridge for half an hour, that her clothes might be thoroughly drenched and heavy. She now leaped from the top of the bridge, but finding still a difficulty in sinking, she tried to press her clothes closely around her. She at last became insensible; but at this moment she was discovered and taken out. The next remarkable event in the life of Mrs. Godwin was her union with Mr. Godwin. They had long known each other; and the union took place about six months after Mrs. Godwin had finally lost all hopes of reclaiming Mr. Imlay. They did not immediately marry, both disliking the responsibility and conditions attending that ceremony in England. But after Mrs. Godwin found herself pregnant, she thought it better to submit to the ceremony of marriage, than to that seclusion from society, to which living without, in this

country, would subject her, and which would infallibly have narrowed the circle of her usefulness. Mrs. Godwin died in consequence of child-birth, in August, 1797, and was buried in Saint Pancras churchyard. Since her death have been published her posthumous works, consisting of letters and fragments.

From the NEW-ENGLAND REPUBLICAN.

SIMON SCRAPER.

Mr. Scrapper hath lately been highly diverted with an epistle from one of his country correspondents; and (as he hath already acquired the reputation of a *tattler*) ventureth to offer a transcript of it in hope that others may laugh at it too.

To S. SCRAPER, Esquire.

Sir,

I DON'T know what you meant when you urged me to visit *town*; you told me I should find the folks very clever, and see a great many fine sights. I partly believed you; and so, yesterday, I paid a visit to my wife's half sister, Mrs. Tumble-up, who, you know, lives in a house jammed in among a great pile of houses, with a door-yard about as wide as a carrot-bed. I got to town about ten o'clock in the morning; and on inquiring of a young fellow where sister lived, he told me to ride down — street to the corner of the green, turn round the printing office corner, and after going down — street to Mr. —'s I must turn round to my left, and there sister lived at the first house on the right hand, just at the head of — street. "Much obliged to ye," says I—"now I know just as well as I did before." The puppy bawled out a laughing; and I was left to inquire again, or find my way alone. The next man I spoke to proved a little more civil. He went with me till he could point out the house, and then wished me a good morning.

I found sister's folks at breakfast, late as 'twas; they seemed glad enough to see me: but looked very crooked at my old boots; and so, when I asked where I should turn the old horse, they went to the door, and pointing away down street, told me that Mr. —'s stable was *there*. I thought this plaguy odd, seeing I'd come a *cousining*; however, I began to think I must do as I was bid; so I scrambled away through the mud, and saw old Sorrel safe in a stable as big as a meeting-house.

By the time I had got back to sister's,

and told wife's and children's love to her, and all that, the clock struck twelve. I was glad to hear it; for as I had eaten a very early breakfast, I began to feel pretty sharp set. However, I had my longing for my pains: for a deuce a bit of dinner did I see till after two o'clock; we then sat down to a fine looking piece of beef; but it was't half roasted; so that I rose from table about as hungry as I sat down.

After dinner I was preparing to go down to the water side, to do some business for one of my country neighbors, when sister told me I must be back by half past four to tea. I obeyed her punctually, and judging from our country practice I hoped I should find some amends for my tough dinner—On my return at the tea hour, I found several young folks at the house, who, I suppose, had come there to see sister's eldest girl, Sophy. When I first got in, Sophy got up and made a curtesy, and told them I was Uncle Brushwood, and then told me who they all was; but I've forgot now, and besides, I must hasten to tell you about my tea scrape—the very pickle of all the plagues which this devilish town visit has brought upon me.

After we had waited about half an hour a little negro came out of the kitchen, with a towel tuck'd under his chin, lugging along a great tin platter as big as a rye sieve; I stared like an owl, and could not tell what to make on't. The platter had about a peck of tea-cups on't, all full, besides a sugar-pot, and I don't know what else; and to top off all, the puppy brought it right up to me!—I started back—the young folks titter'd like a flock of blackbirds—sister scowl'd, and called out "Brother don't drink *hyson*—I'd forgot it!" The negro then carried it to the rest; they all took a cup off the platter, and first put a bit of sugar into't, and then drizzled in about three drops of milk out of a little thing, no more like a milk-pot than a gridiron. They held their tea-cups in their hands, and began to sip, red hot as 'twas; and sister said, "You'd better try our *hyson*, brother—I guess you'll like it." I thought I must do as I was bid again; and so I try'd to work it as the rest did—I got my cup into my hands; but I'm sure 'twas hotter than the rest; for the very saucer burnt my fingers; and at this moment along came the negro again, with another platter full of bread and butter and cakes. I took a thumping slice of bread and butter—And now, Mr. Scraper, had you seen me at this moment, you would have pitied me from your very soul.—In one hand I held the tea-cup, as hot as a warming pan; and in the other a great bit of bread and butter; and for my life I could not tell which way to go to work

to eat the one and drink the other. The sweat ran down my face with mere vexation; but at length, as I was doleful hungry, I made a greedy bite at my bread; in doing this I tilted the tea-cup in t'other hand, so that sister's *hyson* slop'd over on my fingers, and scalded me so intolerably that down went bread and butter, tea-cup and all. The butter side of the bread fell spat on the knee of my new black velvets; and the *hyson*, after scalding my other knee to a blister, run down my boot to my very toes—Up I jump'd and capered about the room like a bell-sheep; the boys and girls ran out of the room, and left sister and me together. I wiped my velvets, while she was picking up the fragments of my tea-cup; and as she carried them into the kitchen, I seized my hat, took French leave, got old Sorrel from the stable; and after a ride of five hours, I got safe home at ten o'clock at night.

I need not tell you that our folks were dolefully frightened to see me return at that hour. I shall conclude with telling you, that, if you happen to call pretty soon, you may see my new velvets half spoilt—poor me limping about the house with a scald on my knee as big as a leather apron—and wife scolding like a bedlamite, because, as she says, I have disgraced the family. However, if I ever go to town a *cousining* again, they may ship me for a jackass to the West-Indies.

Wife and the girls send their compliments; and I am, without any compliments,

Your friend,

SAMUEL BRUSHWOOD.

W —, June 12, 1805.

FOR THE MERRIMACK MISCELLANY.

THE COLLECTANEA...No. 6.

MEN, in their primitive conditions, however savage, were undoubtedly gregarious—and they continue to be social, not only in every stage of civilization, but in every possible situation in which they can be placed. As nature intended them for society, she has furnished them with passions, appetites, and propensities, as well as a variety of faculties, calculated both for their individual enjoyment, and to render them useful to each other in their social connections. There is none among them more essential or remarkable, than the *passion for distinction*. A desire to be observed, considered, esteemed, praised, beloved, and admired by his fellows, is one of the earliest, as well as keenest dispositions discovered in the heart of man. If any one should doubt the existence of this propensity, let him go and attentively observe the journeymen and apprentices in the first work-shop, or the carmen

in a cockboat—a family or a neighbourhood—the inhabitants of a house or the crew of a ship—a school or a college—a city or a village—a savage or civilized people—an hospital or a church—the bar or the exchange—a camp or a court.—Wherever men, women or children are to be found, whether they be old or young—rich or poor—high or low—wise or foolish—ignorant or learned—every individual is seen to be strongly actuated by a desire to be seen, heard, talked of, approved and respected by the people about him, and within his knowledge.

Moral writers have, by immemorial usage, a right to make free use of the poets.

The love of praise, how'er conceal'd by art,
Reigns more or less, and glows in every heart;
The proud to gain it, toils on toils endure,
The modest shun it, but to make it sure.
O'er globes and sceptres, now on thrones it swells,
Now, trims the midnight lamp in cottage cells.
'Tis tory, whig—it plots, plays, preaches, pleads,
Harangues in senates, squeaks in masquerades;
It aids the dancer's heel, the writer's head,
And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead;
Nor ends with life; but nods in sable plumes,
Adorns our herse, and flatters on our tombs.

REFLECTION.

Where is the man, says the world, that can pretend to perfection? The world should first tell us what is the perfection of man. Is it to have conquered the degrading passions? To be void of avarice, envy, revenge and pride? To be brave, faithful, benevolent and aspiring? To exalt the rational faculty to a knowledge of the Deity? To trace divinity in the precepts of Christianity?—Then let the world scoff at pretensions as it may, I will not think so ill of mankind as not to believe that there are many entitled to the praise of attaining to the perfection of their nature.

ELECTIONEERING CATECHISM.

On a dissolution of Parliament, the candidates for some of the country boroughs frequently undergo a pleasant sort of catechising:—

"Will you, if I vote for you, get a bridge built?"

"O yes, certainly."

"Will you procure us a new set of bells?"

"Certainly I will."

"Will you make my son Jack an excise man?"

"Depend on it I will."

"Will you procure me a license to keep a public house?"

"Without all doubt."

After the election, the bridge would be too expensive—the church wants no bells—there is no vacancy in the excise—and there are too many public houses already!!!—*Lord. pub.*

CURIOUS EPITAPH.

Here cool the ashes of
MULCIBER GRIM,
 Late of this town, *blacksmith.*
 He was born in *Sea-cole lane,*
 And bred at *Hammersmith:*
 From his youth upwards he was very
 much addicted to *vices,*
 And was often guilty of *forgery;*
 Having some talents for *irony,*
 He thereby produced many *heats* in his
 neighborhood,
 Which he usually increased by *blowing up*
 the *coals;*
 This rendered him so unpopular,
 That,
 When he found it necessary to adopt
cooling measures,
 His conduct was generally accompanied
 with a *hiss.*
 Tho' he sometimes proved a *warm* friend,
 Yet where his interest was concerned,
 He made it a constant rule to *strike*
 while the *iron* was *hot,*
 Regardless of the injury he might do
 thereby;
 And when he had any matter of moment
 upon the *anvil,*
 He seldom fail'd to *turn* it to his own
 advantage.
 Among numberless instances that might
 be given of the cruelty of his
 disposition,
 It need only be mentioned that he was the
 means of *hanging* many of the inno-
 cent family of the *Bells.*
 Under the idle pretence of keeping them
 from *jangling;*
 And put great numbers of the hearts of
steel into the *hottest flames,*
 Merely (as he declared) to *soften* the
 obduracy of their *tempers.*
 At length, after passing a long life in the
 commission of these *black* actions,
 His *fire* being exhausted, and his
bellows worn out,
 He *fled* off to that place where only the
 fervid ordeal of his own *forge*
 cannot be exceeded;
 Declaring with his last *puff,*
 That "Man is born to trouble as the
sparks fly upwards!"

THE INQUISITIVE FRENCHMAN.

A YOUNG Parisian, travelling to Am-
 sterdam, was attracted by the remarkable
 beauty of a house near the canal. He ad-
 dressed a Dutchman, in French, who
 stood near him in the vessel, with "Pray
 sir, may I ask who that house belongs to?"
 —The Hollander, answered him in his
 own language, "Ik kan neit verstaan"—

("I do not understand you.") The Paris-
 ian, not doubting but he was understood,
 took the Dutchman's answer for the name
 of the proprietor. "Oh! Oh!" said he,
 it belongs to Mr. Kanniferstan, well, I am
 sure he must be very agreeably situated;
 the house is most charming, and the gar-
 dens appear delicious. I don't know that
 I ever saw a better. A friend of mine
 has one much like it, near the river Loise,
 but I certainly give this the preference."—
 He added many other observations of the
 same kind, to which the Dutchman made
 no reply.—When he arrived at Amster-
 dam, he saw a most beautiful woman on
 the way, walking arm in arm with a gen-
 tleman; he asked a person who passed
 him, who that charming lady was; but the
 man not understanding French, replied,
 "Ik kan neit verstaan."—"What! Sir,"
 replied our traveller, "is that Mr. Kan-
 niferstan's wife, whose house is near the
 canal? Indeed, this gentleman's lot is en-
 viable, to possess so noble a house, and so
 lovely a companion." The next day,
 when he was walking out, he saw trum-
 peters playing at a gentleman's door who
 had got the largest prize in the Dutch lot-
 tery. Our Parisian, wishing to be in-
 formed of the gentleman's name, he was
 still answered, "Ik kan niet verstaan."—"Oh!"
 said he, "this is too great an ac-
 cession of fortune! Mr. Kaniferstan pro-
 prietor of such a fine house, husband to
 such a beautiful woman, and to get the
 largest prize in the lottery! It must be
 allowed that there are some fortunate men
 in the world. About a week after this,
 our traveller walking about, saw a very
 superb burying, he asked who it was?
 "Ik kan niet verstaan," replied the per-
 son of whom he enquired.—"Oh, my
 God!" exclaimed he, "poor Mr. Kani-
 ferstan, who had such a noble house, such
 an angelic wife, and the largest prize in
 the lottery! he must have quitted this
 world with great regret, but I thought
 his happiness was too complete to be of
 long duration."—He then went home, re-
 flecting on the instability of human af-
 fairs.

A circumstance which created no small
 disappointment, occurred a few days since,
 in a neighboring village. The clergy-
 man of the parish had engaged two men
 to clean out his well, for which they were
 to be liberally paid exclusive of what they
 might find therein; when after nearly ac-
 complishing their undertaking, they dis-
 covered a bottle, in which was contained
 the following inscription:—"Whoever
 desires to be enriched, let him dig at the
 West end of the steeple, and they will
 find 300 marks in *Oliver Cromwell's* time."
 Such an insatiable thirst for wealth had

their *good luck* excited, that nothing could
 induce them to resist recovering the *buried*
 property until it was acknowledged to be a
hoax, invented by some pupils of the Rev.
Divine....English pap.

Diseases and Casualties for the year 1799.

Abortive and still-born—comedies	10
Bedridden—by wives	5000
Cold—receptions	500
Consumption—of the purse	5000
Convulsions—of laughter	600
Dropsy—of 36 weeks standing	1000
Grief	000
Itch—for places	500
Lethargy—at tragedies	150
Miscarriage—of authors	125
Mortification—of the lawyers	30
Rash—promises	100
Scurvy—behavior	1000
Sore throat—in the Old Bailey	23
Looseness—of conduct	500

CASUALTIES.

Broken limbs—of the law	30
Burnt—up with gin	1000
Choaked—in their own gall	50
Excessive drinking	10000
Executed—good plans	000
Poisoned—by bad books	500
Smothered—rabbits in onions	10000

[ibid.]

SPECIMENS OF CONCISENESS.

Every letter should be easy and concise
 —a spirited one must be so.

When a secretary of state, in the time
 of Charles II. insisted on the nomin-
 ation of a member of Appleby, against
 the will and interest of the Countess of
 Dorset, whom he despised as a woman, she
 sent him the following letter:

"Sir...I have been bullied by an Usurper—
 I have been neglected by a Court—but I
 never will be dictated to by a Minister.—
 Your man shan't stand.

"Ann Dorset and Montgomery."

After the loss of Minorca to the French, the
 Secretary at War found in his office the
 following billet:

"Sir,—I was a Lieutenant with General
 Stanhope when he took Minorca, for which
 he was made a Lord—I was a Lieutenant
 with General Blakeney when he lost Mi-
 norca, for which he was made a Lord—I
 am a Lieutenant still.

Yours ———."

BON MOT.

A gentleman celebrated for his convivi-
 ality, being asked by a friend, "Why he
 never went to church?"—"For two rea-
 sons," he replied. "First, because the
 parson has all the talk to himself, and sec-
 ondly, because there it too much singing
 without any drinking."

POETRY.

From a late London Paper.

The following Lines are nearly a correct account of an incident that occurred during the last campaign in Egypt, which the Author, bearing related in company, versified at the request of a Friend, without quitting the room:—

THE tumult of battle had ceas'd—high in air,
The standard of Britain triumphantly wav'd;
And the remnant of Foes had fled in despair,
Whom night intervening from slaughter had sav'd—
When a Vet'ran was seen, by the light of his lamp,
Slow pacing the bounds of the carcase-strown plain;
Not base his intent—for he quitted the Camp,
To comfort the dying, not plunder the slain.
Though doubtless in war, at a story of woe,
Down his age furrow'd cheek the tears often ran,
Alike proud to conquer or save a brave foe,
He fought like a hero but 'fell like a man!
As he counted the slain, "Oh! conquest!" he cried,
"Thou art glorious indeed! but dearly thou art won!"
"Too dearly, alas!" a voice faintly replied.—
It thrill'd thro' his heart—'twas the voice of his Son.
He listen'd aghast—all was silent again—
He search'd by the beams which his lamp feebly shed,
And found his brave Son amidst hundreds of slain,
The corpse of a comrade supporting his head.
"My Henry!" the war shatter'd Soldier exclaim'd,
"Has death rudely wither'd thy laurels so soon!"
The youth op'd his eyes, as he heard himself nam'd,
And awoke for a while from his death boding swoon.
He gaz'd on his Father, who knelt by his side,
And seizing his hand, prest it close to his heart:
"Thank Heav'n thou art here my dear father!" he cried,
"For soon, Oh! too soon, we forever must part!"
"Though Death early call'd me from all that I love,
"From Glory! from thee! yet perhaps it is giv'n,
"To meet thee again in yon regions above!"
His eye beam'd with hope, as he look'd up to Heav'n.
"Then let not thy bosom with vain sorrow swell,
"Ah! check ere it rises the heart rending sigh!
"I fought for my King! for my Country!—I fell,
"In defence of their rights—and I GLORY TO DIE."

THE LIBERTINE REPULSED.

Hence Belmour, perfidious! this instant retire,
No further entreaties employ,
Nor meanly pretend any more to admire,
What basely you wish to destroy.
Say, youth, must I madly rush on upon shame,
If a traitor but artfully sighs!
And eternally part with my honor and fame,
For a compliment paid to my eyes?
If a flame all dishonest be vilely profess'd,
Through tenderness must I incline,
And seek to indulge the repose of a breast,
That would plant endless tortures in mine!
No, Belmour—a passion I can't but despise,
Shall never find way to my ears:
Nor the man meet a glance of regard from these eyes,
That would drench them forever in tears.
Can the lover who thinks, nay, who wishes me base,
Expect that I e'er should be kind?
Or atone with a paltry address to my face,
For the injury done to my mind?
Hence, Belmour, this instant, and cease every dream;
Which your hope saw so foolishly born;
Nor vainly imagine to gain my esteem,
By deserving my hate and my scorn.

EPIGRAM.

Repent, repent, for pity's sake,
Roar'd out a friar to a rake,
Below—where droops the willow tree,
I saw the devil in search of thee!
Mercy! the deed may come to pass—
How look'd he, father? like an ass—
Poh, man! recover from this fright,
It was thy shadow caught thy sight.

MERRIMACK MISCELLANY.

POVERTY.

OH Poverty! thou hag forlorn!
Whence in the name of wonder did'st thou come?
Of what curst monster wast thou born?
What impious frolic made this world thy home?
Thou such an hideous scare-crow art,
Man at the name of thee a panic feels;
Thinks thee at hand, and runs,—my heart!
Like folks with a mad bullock at their heels.
The mere perchance of meeting thee
Has sent to bedlam many and many a one;
Some e'en to Death's embrace will flee,
Thy hated hug, O Poverty, to shun.
Ay! scores (as all the world doth know)
Midst coffers full of gold, to feast their eyes on,
(Their brains by thee are both'd so)
Have flown to razors, ropes, and eke to poison.
Yet though so comical a creature,
Thou and poor I have liv'd so long together,
That, Dame, to me thy ev'ry feature
Is grown familiar—not admir'd much neither.
There are that preach about thy uses,
That hold thee up to view as Beauty's queen;
But, for his own part, seldom one sees
Aught in thee so desirable, I ween.
Yet if there should be one, which much I doubt,
Thinks thee so pretty, pritheer tack about,
And soon as may be, go and find him out.

For the MERRIMACK MISCELLANY.

PERDITION catch the man whose rancorous heart,
Ne'er felt a pang at sight of human woe,
Whose tongue envenom'd, like a poisoned dart,
Pierces with ruthless malice, friend and foe.
Whose savage breast, ne'er glow'd with friendships flame,
Whose narrow mind, contempts self alone,
Whose smiling Janus' face to all the same,
Cloth'd with deception's garb, sincere to none.
Whose jealous, haughty, proud, suspicious soul,
Rankles with envy at his neighbor's fame;
Whom reason's gentle voice could ne'er controul,
Whom honor binds not, and whom truth can't chain.
Such is the man with lips profane,
Who dares to talk of love,
My unsuspecting heart to gain,
Incessantly has strove.—
At first I feel the pleasing pain,
Till reason kind assum'd the rein,
To guide the fragile fair,
Dispell'd the mist that clogg'd my partial eyes,
Strip'd the fell monster of his thin disguise,
And snatch'd me from his snare.

LAVINIA.

WORLDLY CONCERNS.

A man, some time ago, was hanged in Ireland, upon his own land, for a murder he had committed there. A little before he was turned off, having taken a view of the surrounding country, he called to his wife very deliberately, and told her that *his pigs were rooting up the potatoes in the next field, and desired her to send somebody to drive them out of it.*

MARRIED.

In Hertfordshire, (Eng.) Mr. James Young, a strolling player, to Miss Corinda Beger, a mulatto, with a fortune of 9,000*l.* sterl. Some years since, an attorney wooed the fair damsel, but, unfortunately for him, she had a great aversion to a limb of the law. She afterwards fell in love with a young divine, who, in his turn, declared that the accomplishments of Miss B. however transcend-ant, could never induce him to form a connexion with a black woman. The son of the sick and bustling doctor otherwise, and was very happy to obtain possession of her charms.

DIED,

At Cornhill, near Coldstream, (Eng.) after a few minutes illness, of a second attack of the fit with which he was a few weeks since seized in London, Lord Viscount Duncan, Admiral of the White. He was a younger son of Mr. Duncan, of Lundie, in Perthshire, the representative of an ancient family, much honored in that part of the kingdom. He was born on the 1st of July, 1731. After receiving a liberal education, he entered, at an early age, into the naval service, and was present as midshipman and as lieutenant in several of the most gallant and successful actions in the war of 1756. Mr. Duncan was promoted, on the 25th of February, 1761, to the rank of post captain. In the war with America he served as a captain on board the flag ship of Admiral Keppel, whose particular esteem and patronage he had obtained, by his gallant conduct and amiable character. The captain married a daughter of the late Lord President Dundas, niece to Lord Melville, elder sister to the present Secretary at War. With this lady he lived, in great domestic felicity, at Edinburgh, superintending the education of his children, and enjoying the high esteem of all who were most respectable in that capital, in the interval between the American war and the last unfortunate war with France. On the 24th of September, 1787, Capt. Duncan was advanced to the rank of rear-admiral. He was made a vice admiral in 1793. In 1795 he became, in the course of promotion, one of the admirals of the blue. He was then called to the command of the fleet acting off the Texel against the Dutch, and hoisted his flag on board the *Venerable*. He had the mortification to see the mutiny extend, in June 1797, to almost all the seamen of the ships under his command. But they still respected his person, his seaman-like gallantry and frankness, his calm intrepidity, his modest good sense and worth. At the most critical moment of the mutiny, he addressed them in a short speech, manly, plain and pathetic; in fact one of the best ever uttered by a sailor on such an occasion, and which operated with extraordinary effect in tranquilizing the seamen, and bringing them back to due obedience. Soon after, on the 11th of October, the Dutch fleet ventured out from the Texel. Admiral Duncan disposed his squadron so as to prevent their immediate retreat; they were brought to an engagement; the great action between Egmont and Camperdown was fought, and one of the most glorious victories in the annals of naval heroism was gained. His country, then, did justice to his merits. On the 21st of October, 1797, Admiral Duncan was raised to the dignity of the British peerage, with the title of Viscount Duncan, Baron of Lundie. Parliament, upon a proposition from his Majesty, also settled a pension of 2000*l.* a year on Lord Duncan, to be continued to the two next heirs to his titles. His Lordship has since spent some years in virtuous and happy retirement; not without having to mourn some severe family afflictions, nor without many sources of sweet domestic satisfaction. He had come to London this summer at the persuasion of his relation, Lord Melville, with a view to return, in this crisis, to some eminent public command. He was too much a good man to refuse to devote the last hours of his life to the service of his country. But his health was sensibly impaired; he had lately a sudden affection, very similar to a stroke of apoplexy. He hastened down to his family and friends in Scotland. On his journey he met that stroke of death, for which as a hero, a Christian, a man who had enjoyed the glories and comforts of this world, and had, in the loss of some of his children, felt its afflictions, he was not unprepared. "Now, O Lord," might he say, "lettest thou thy servant depart in peace!" It would, perhaps, be difficult to find in modern history another man, in whom, with so much meekness, modesty, and unaffected dignity of mind, were united so much genuine spirit, so much of the skill and fire of professional genius, such vigorous, active, civil wisdom; such alacrity and ability for great achievements with such entire indifference for their success, except so far as it might contribute to the good of his country. Lord Duncan was tall, above the middle size, and of an athletic and finely proportioned figure. His countenance was thought to be remarkably expressive of the ingenious excellencies of his mind.

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